

been shot off before. Let from their mouth come thundering peace. My son may fall—be it so—then there will be peace. My brother's son may fall—peace will be the price of his death. To-morrow morning, when the sun peeps through the curtain of pine trees, let the warriors assemblable at the Long Point stretching out from Spider Lake and Wanatah, my sub-chief shall take charge of my treasure and hand the weapous well loaded to Crazy Snake and Big Thunder and there shall come peace therefore to the Chippewas."

### III.

It was a picturesque scene upon which the clear October sun shone the next morning. Spider Lake is known for the many points—land ends—jutting out into the water. One of these—Long Points—was bare of trees, the peninsula formed a high and wide area, covered with soft grass. Here also some of their chiefs were buried in olden times and councils of war were held and captured Sioux were burnt at the stake. Farther back the dark pines soughed in the wind and the wild rosebushes formed a wall very nearly impenetrable and insurmountable.

The Indians had come through the forest some of them and others by water in a canvas. They presented a beautiful picture, covered as they were with the many hued blankets. Wanatah had received his orders from chief Big Pine. He separated the Indians into lines and then measured the distance of thirty yards with his mighty strides. Not a squaw was in the crowd. Big Thunder's mother had bade him good-bye with the scared look of a wounded bird in her eye. His sister wept but was sternly called by the chief to her senses and she immediately ceased her cries and went into the wigwam. He did not say farewell to his father. Both young men had put on their warpaint and were dressed in all the savage finery they possessed; both wore eagle feathers in their hair, for the